

## A Trip To Switzerland by morganadelacour

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**Summary:**

Steve joins Tommy and Carol on a trip to Switzerland during winter holidays and he's not too enthusiastic about Billy Hargrove coming with them. However, after a memorable night Steve might change his mind.

## A Trip To Switzerland

### Author's Note:

I really want to thank @LucyBrown45, who is my beta reader! She's amazing and encouraged me so much, so really, go visit her fics or her tumblr and leave some love ^^ Also, I totally forgot to thank @notaperfectprefect, I'm so sorry! She actually gave me the idea of Steve and Billy playing some travel game on the plane. Thank you so much for that!

Steve didn't know why Tommy had even invited him to this trip. Maybe it was to make up for his shitty behaviour lately, making fun of him for still being single, saying things like: "So, you're not over Nancy yet? Or are you a fag now?" Maybe he felt bad for being so mean to his former best friend. Or maybe he just thought it to be too awkward to go on a trip with Carol alone, since they both weren't the most romantic or talkative people. Steve didn't know why exactly he agreed to go with them, either. Maybe it was Tommy's constant nagging. Maybe he missed to be with his old friends, having teens the same age around him (that weren't his ex-girlfriend and her new darling). Or maybe he just needed a break from Hawkins. Whatever it was, nothing of this mattered now anyways, because the plane to Switzerland had just taken off, he was sitting right behind Tommy and Carol and more importantly, next to Billy Hargrove.

It wasn't as if they were mortal enemies or something, but they weren't on good terms, either. After all, Hargrove had never apologised for what he had done to his face. He took Max's "advice" serious though and left them alone, more or less. He still teased Steve at school and in basketball practice, but he never touched him again. Also, in the first few weeks after their fight, when Steve's face had looked particularly bad, Steve noticed Hargrove staring at him with a serious look and maybe even some sort of apology in his eyes. However, since he had never put that into words, Steve couldn't be sure of what he was really thinking. In conclusion, Hargrove wasn't such a huge asshole anymore, but he was still and would probably always be an annoying dick.

Right now, Hargrove was taking up way too much space, spreading his legs wide open as if he was waiting for a blow job or something. "Could you move a little?" Steve barked. Lazily and as if he didn't care for anything in the world, Hargrove turned his head to smirk at him. "Feeling threatened, princess?" "No, but since nobody is going to give you a blow job right now, you might as well leave me some space", he snapped, articulating what he had thought before. Hargrove's grin extended and he gave Steve a dirty look. "Oh, so we're thinking about blow jobs now? I mean, if you'd like to, go ahead, I won't stop you", he sneered. Embarrassed that Hargrove said that on a full plane, Steve blushed. "Poor innocent princess, don't worry, I won't tell anyone", Hargrove whispered too close to his ear, so that his breath tickled Steve's skin. Then he winked at him, laughed and turned around, giving his full attention to a young stewardess coming up to check if they were all right. Steve growled but turned away from Hargrove to look out the window. Luckily, Tommy and Carol were way too busy making out so that they had probably not heard what he and Hargrove had been talking about. Or just Hargrove, for that matter. Steve had only thoughtlessly said what he had on his mind, Hargrove had been the one to make a fuss about it. It wasn't like Steve would normally think about blow jobs when looking at Hargrove. Hargrove had been the one to actually go there, not Steve.

Before he could think further about whose fault the previous conversation had been, Hargrove began to speak. "Let's play a game." He grinned at Steve again, cocky and challenging. "Not with me", Steve answered abrupt. "Come on, don't be a spoilsport! How about we make it a competition?" he suggested. "And what's the reward?" Steve asked lamely. "I don't know, you decide." Hargrove looked at him in anticipation. Steve sighed. "Fine. I don't know man, the winner get's to chose where he wants to sleep?" Hargrove seemed a little bit disappointed and shrugged. "Boring, but alright. Maybe we can raise the stakes later on", he said with a dangerous smirk.

They had been playing "I spy..." for a little while and Steve was tired of it, also because he was loosing and didn't feel like being outmatched even more. "Last round Hargrove, then I need to get some rest." Hargrove grinned. "You really are a princess, aren't you Harrington?" Steve rolled his eyes. "Come on, get it over with." "I spy

with my little eye something... brown." Steve's motivation was low, so he only looked around for a few seconds before he gave up. "What is it?" he asked, completely uninterested. "You've got to find out Harrington", Hargrove replied. "Fuck you Hargrove, I'm going to sleep now!" Steve turned towards the window so he didn't have to look at the sneering grin on Hargrove's face anymore. "Fine, you'll never find out then", he said casually. Reluctantly, Steve turned back to look around some more because the temptation of winning at least this round was too big. "Is it this guy's sweater?" "Nope." "His shoes?" "Nope." "The kid's teddy bear?" Nope." Steve sighed. "Dude, come on, I don't know and I'm tired, just tell me." Hargrove looked intensely at him and said with a little smirk: "Your eyes." Steve was baffled and a little flustered, too. The way Hargrove stared into his eyes had something intimate. Steve gulped, when he suddenly noticed something. "Wait, that doesn't count! I can't see my own eyes!" he said triumphantly. Hargrove shrugged. "You can have that point, you still lost, Harrington. Which means I get to chose which room I'll be sleeping in." Without giving an answer, Steve turned his head again and made himself comfortable to get some sleep.

"Harrington!" Startled by the sudden and harsh words, Steve jolted from his sleep and bumped into Hargrove's shoulder. "Fuck, Harrington!" Looking over to Hargrove, he saw him holding a coffee cup, coffee spilt over his hand - and over his shirt. "Shit, sorry", Steve mumbled, still half asleep. The stewardess tried to pat Hargrove's chest dry with some napkins, but he snatched them from her hands and continued to do so himself. A little bit taken aback, the stewardess asked Steve what he wanted but he couldn't quite decide yet and after a dark look Hargrove gave her she promised to return, giving them a plastic smile. "Damnit Harrington!" he cursed. "I don't have clothes to change into right now!" Steve rolled his eyes - he had a feeling that he would be doing that quite often over the course of this week - and dug out a sweater from underneath the seat in front of him. It was a cozy Christmas sweater, green and red with white hearts and other patterns on it. "Here." Hargrove looked at the sweater like it was a foreign fruit. "I'm not wearing this, Harrington!" he barked. "Then die!" Steve said, noticeably irritated. With a dissatisfied grunt, Hargrove yanked the sweater from his hands and started to undress himself. The lined denim jacket, which had luckily no coffee stains on it, and the thin shirt that Hargrove had worn were

carelessly tossed on Steve's lap. When looking over to Hargrove, he saw his muscular bare chest. Despite all their differences, Steve had to admit that Hargrove had a beautiful body. He couldn't bring himself to look away until the soft fabric of the sweater hid away those well-defined abs. When he looked up to take in the whole picture of Hargrove in his Christmas sweater, he couldn't help but smile. "What?" Hargrove snarled. "Nothing, nothing. It's just... it suits you." The words rolled off Steve's tongue before he could stop them. He licked his lips nervously. "Shut up, Harrington." Hadn't Steve know better, he'd have thought that Hargrove was almost a little flustered, how he fumbled at the sleeves and avoided eye contact. But this was Hargrove, so he was probably just unhappy with what he was wearing. "You'll need it anyways", Steve said. "It's going to be freezing up there. This", he held up the coffee stained shirt, "won't be of much use." Hargrove didn't bother to answer, he just leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

They didn't talk much for the rest of the flight. Hargrove made some rude remarks on the quality of the food they got, but other than that, they both slept more or less through it. At one point though, Steve woke up from an unsettling dream that involved, as usual, growling monsters, screeching vines and slimy tunnels. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, he looked over at Hargrove. Out of astonishment he froze in his movements and just stared. The person next to him looked foreign, unfamiliar. Hargrove's face was relaxed, golden curls fell over his forehead and his lips were slightly parted. Like this, he looked peaceful, almost innocent. The Christmas sweater reinforced this impression. Steve had to hold back from touching him, playing with one of the curls or running his fingers over his cheek. He just wanted to make sure he wasn't dreaming. But he knew that it would be insane to do one of those things. This was the guy who almost beat him to death, after all. Steve tried to dissipate the tender feeling, which was creeping up in his chest with memories of that dreadful night. How Hargrove had threatened Lucas, how Steve had beaten Hargrove a few times before he got that plate smashed over his head. How Hargrove didn't stop himself and just landed one punch after the other on Steve's face, having this savage expression on his own. Steve couldn't help but wonder if the person next to him could really be that brutal monster. Even with all those memories back in his mind and a slight anger bubbling up in him, Steve could have never hurt

that person. Hargrove looked too vulnerable like this, with his dark and thick lashes contrasting the fair cheeks, like the smallest thing could hurt him. Forcefully, Steve turned his head away from him. What the hell was he even thinking? It was probably just the height that fucked with his mind. He went back to sleep, having more peaceful dreams this time.